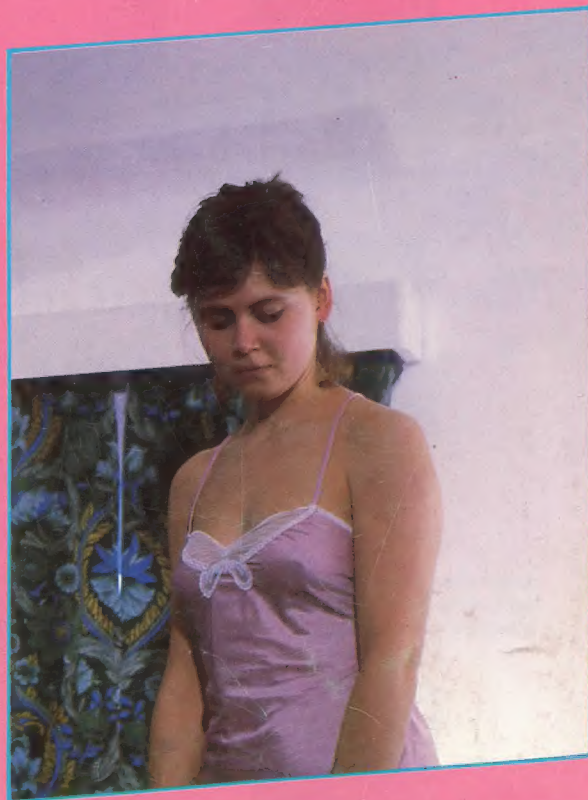


BLUSHES

ISSUE FORTY-EIGHT



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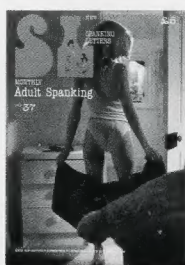
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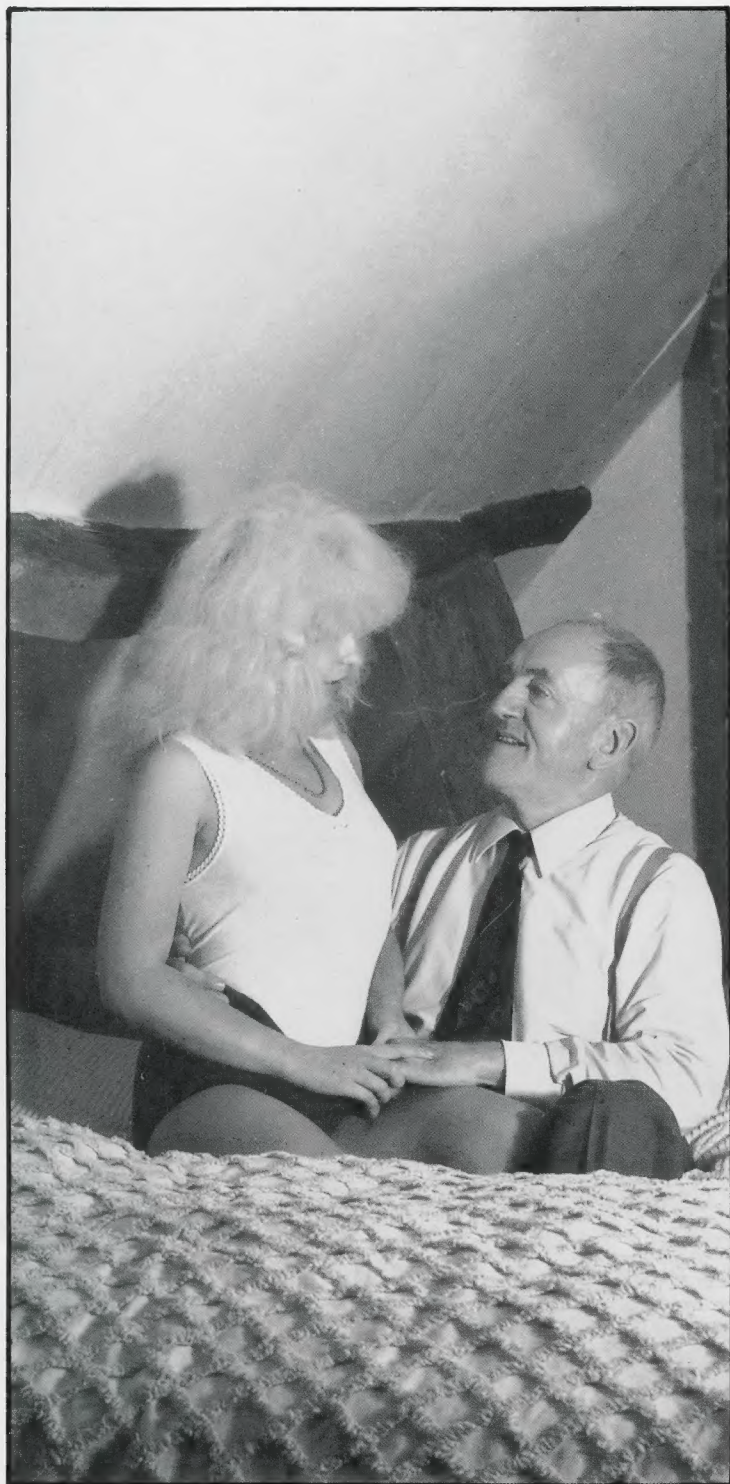
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NO CALLERS



THE INSPECTOR

The shiny black limousine draws to a halt at the large iron gates. Almost immediately a uniformed man comes out with a key to unlock and push them open. He touches the peak of his cap as the black car slid through, then recloses the gates. It is a pleasant, sunny morning out here in the country, the sound of birdsong in the air. The limousine

proceeds along the leafy driveway to the house, a big, mellow-stoned mansion that in earlier times was a family's private residence. Those times are gone of course; now it is as the sign on one of the brick pillars supporting those iron gates informs any who don't know, the KRAENZEN TRAINING INSTITUTE. Yes, it is a pleasant sunny morning

out here away from the town but in fact there is a certain tension, as well as that birdsong, in the air. The birdsong indeed will this morning be going unnoticed, unheard, by those here. The girls. On the other hand 'THE GIRLS' will be very much noticed and heard by the hidden video cameras in every possible position around the in-



stitute. They are positioned in the most intimate places, bedrooms and bathrooms, as well as common rooms. Nothing goes unnoticed, nothing unheard, and the juiciest of items are kept on tape to be gloated on at a later date.

The arrival of the big limousine may not have been seen but it has been known about, anticipated. Causing nervous looks, quickening pulses. Causing also no doubt bottoms to quiver in apprehensive anticipation. That big black car and more especially its occupant. Not the chauffeur, the one in the back seat. Because there has been a notice on the notice board in the

hall since Monday. *'On Thursday there will be a visit by Inspector Heilmann of the Central Office. Inspector Heilmann will make a tour of inspection of the Institute. It is likely that he will wish to interview a selection of students personally. Every girl should therefore be prepared to meet the Inspector, to talk about her work, etc.'*

Some in fact have more cause to shiver in anticipation, for their bottoms to tremble, than others. Because certain girls have been advised by staff that they are likely to be called on during the Inspector's tour of the premises. They have been privately advised of this, there

has been no general announcement, and of course these individuals have not wished to broadcast their most unwelcome news. Therefore everyone remains on tenterhooks. Fearing the worst. And there is indeed always the chance of additional ones being identified at the last moment. But for those who already know the worst, who have already been identified...well, understandably they are in quite a state.

Helga Gaertner. Rosamond Jansen. Natalie Vernaer. These three have been told that they are likely to be required immediately after morning gym training. As one might ex-





pect they are all very attractive young women, and equally as one might expect if one is aware of the routine associated with Inspector Heilmann's visits, they have not been selected for him on a previous occasion. Mr Heilmann prefers new flesh: new faces, new bodies. Unless, naturally, there has been one whom he has found unusually attractive on an earlier visit. But the chances are in such a case that the young student concerned will have been sent already to see him, privately. Sent once or twice or however many times he fancies her. So that virtually always Inspector Heilmann will see only new girls, fresh flesh, on each visit.

Helga and Rosamond and Natalie have been told what to expect. Unless there is a change of plan and Mr Heilmann decides differently they are to shower as usual after gym and then go directly to the Director's room. A warm shower and then go directly without getting dressed, or indeed drying themselves. They can take their towels but they must be nude. Unless his routine has changed the Inspector always likes to have two or three girls freshly showered from gym practice and these three, Helga and Natalie and Rosamond, have been chosen as girls he is likely to find attractive. It is crucial of course that Inspector Heilmann is

satisfied with his visit and gives a good report afterwards: he is an extremely important individual, a very V.I.P. It is no exaggeration to say that Director Haarlang's job and the jobs of his assistants can hinge on a successful visit from the Inspector.

The three girls were told a day ago so they have had 24 hours to live with this sick-making knowledge. They were told together by Assistant Director Myrtal: Helga who is petite with long flaxen hair; Rosamond, medium blonde and tall with well-muscled, though shapely, legs and buttocks; Natalie, medium height, a very pretty girl



A GHOST IN THE ATTIC





'Has anyone told you yet?' Samantha said. 'About the attic room? If you commit any misdemeanors here you get sent to the attic room. For one or two nights. Jackie will tell you. She's been sent there. Mr Clayfield is very keen on blondes, isn't he, Jackie?'

Jackie coloured slightly. She was a blonde, with short, neat, butter-brown hair; not as spectacularly blonde as the new girl's curling, shoulder-length platinum locks. 'You've been as well, I seem to remember. It's not only blondes.' Samantha was darker, though equally attractive, with petite, gamine looks.

'What's this attic room?' Diane asked. 'What's wrong with it?'

The other two exchanged glances. Samantha said, 'Nothing's really wrong with it. not the room as such. It's...well you could say its haunted. A nocturnal ghost is liable to visit you there. In fact it's guaranteed.'

Jackie smiled. 'Yes. A very substantial ghost. He must weight about 14 stone I should think.'

It was Diane's turn to produce a little flush now. Mr Clayfield, the Senior





Tutor, was a bulky, substantial man. You could guess he might well weight something like that. They were referring to Mr Clayfield.

Sam said, 'I wonder if that ghosts's pinched her bottom yet? That very substantial attic room ghost. Do you think so, Jackie?'

Jackie smirked. 'I wouldn't be surprised. Not at all. She's been here since 4 o'clock. Five hours. And certainly part of that time in close proximity to the attic room ghost. Oh yes, I should think so. Tell us, Diane? Has he?'

'I don't know what you're talking about,' Diane said, flushing redder.

* * *

She had arrived on the 3.50 train, to be picked up at the station in an ageing Daimler by Mr Donly, who drove her the two miles to Fairlea Training College. Mr Donly, smallish and in his fifties, was the college chauffeur-cum-handyman. 'A real blondie, eh?' he had said as soon as he had Diane in the car next to him, getting a good look at the abundant pale blonde tresses. But he had also, she thought, had a good look at her boobs and knees. Diane had on

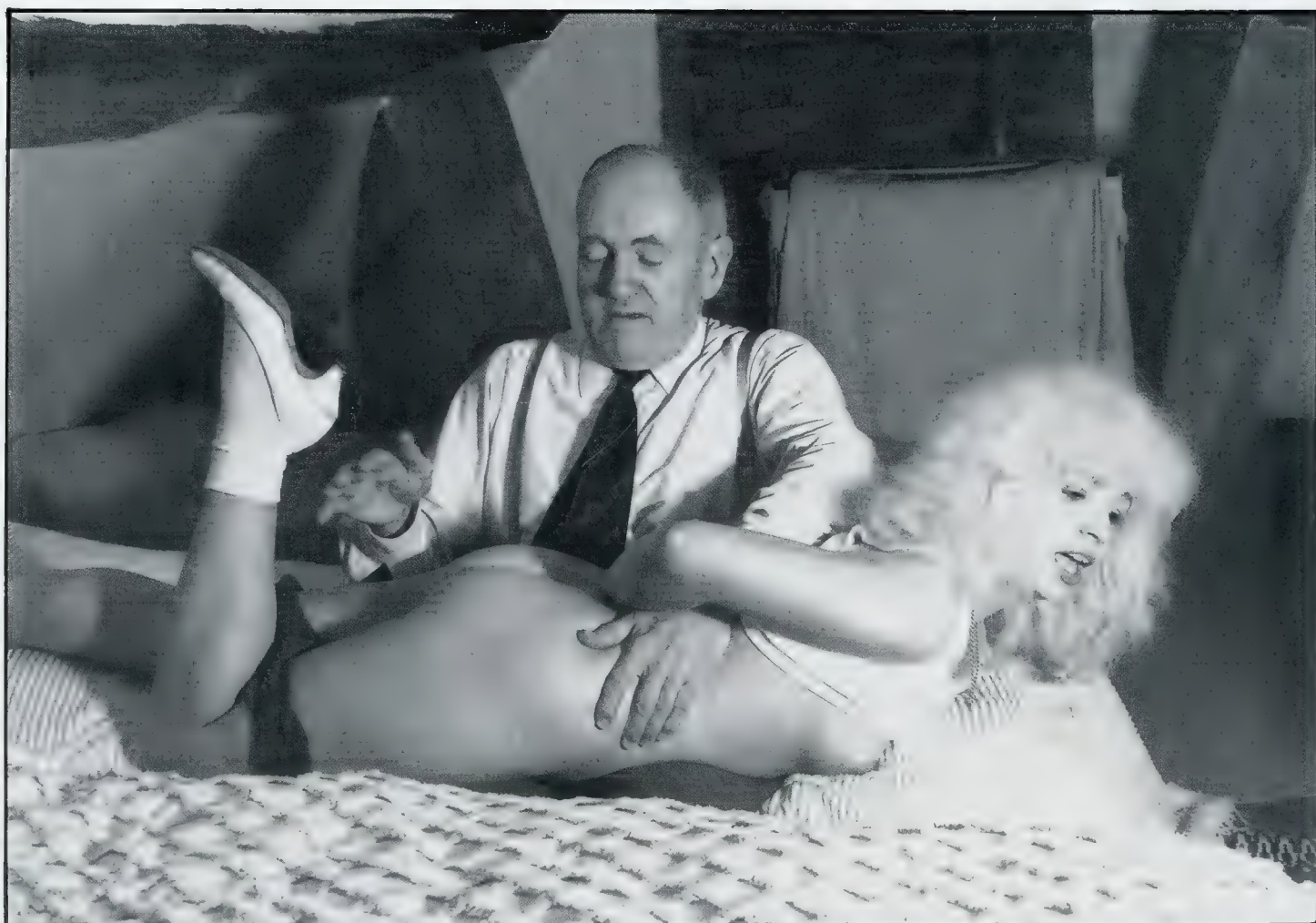
a smart, fitting grey suit that showed off her shapely figure and, seated next to Mr Donly, her attractive knees as well.

But of course it wasn't Mr Donly that Samantha and Jackie were referring to when later they had their little joke about ghosts. Not that Stan Donly, if he had something on a girl, knew a little secret she wanted kept quiet, wouldn't for the promise of keeping quiet get his hands on various parts of her. Her boobs; her bottom. And if he had something extra big on her, big enough in his sharp eyes to warrant it, he could demand further privileges beyond her standing still whilst his hands wandered. So that a girl could have an anxious wait of days or weeks until she had proof that everything was...well, OK.

But Diane was not to know anything about this, not on her first day here at Fairlea. No one was going to mention that. If you got in that unfortunate predicament you were going to keep very quiet about it. No, Mr Donly had behaved perfectly properly en route to Fairlea, and afterwards as well. Nice and friendly. His eyes might from time to time have lingered on those nyloned knees, on the skirt-clad thighs, on







also the thrusting boobs in the fitting jacket. And afterwards he did let Diane get her suitcase out of the boot herself so that she had to bend and unwittingly 'present' a mouth-watering bottom. But Stan Donly had not for instance attempted anything with his hands. He wouldn't. Not at this stage. That would be for later. Hopefully. As he went about his duties keeping his eyes and ears alert for any half chance. Whereas Mr Clayfield...

Mr Clayfield had greeted Diane in the entrance hall. An altogether more substantial form than Mr Donly, Arthur Clayfield would weigh something like 14 stone as Jackie was later to suggest. Big and bulky, also balding, a little older than Mr Donly it would seem, in a somewhat rumpled tweed jacket and tie. Big and bluff and friendly seeming too, as Mr Donly had been. But Mr Clayfield had put his hand on Diane's bottom. As the other two were later to guess, which was why Diane had flushed bright red.

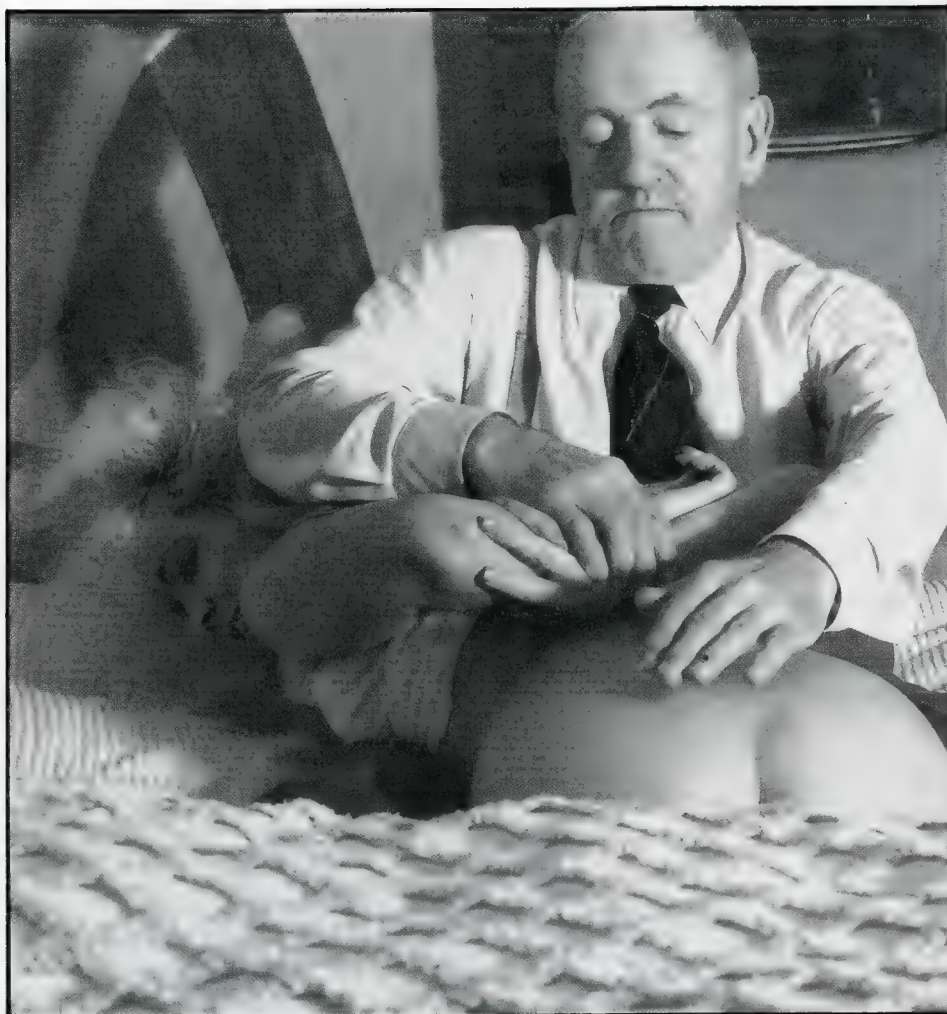
It had been when he showed her to her room. Not the attic room — there had been no thought or mention of attic rooms at this point — but an ordinary little room, pleasantly but basically furnished on the first floor. A room very





similar to Jackie's and Samantha's rooms as Diane was later to see. But in that room Mr Clayfield put his hand on Diane's bottom. As they stood at the window and he was pointing out features of the grounds. Diane had been following with interest but then abruptly lost the thread of what he was saying — as she became aware of the hand on her bottom. It had started lightly round her waist, which hadn't really caught her attention, but then...had slid down. Onto the ripe cheeks of Diane's bottom swelling voluptuously in her smart, tightish grey skirt. Inevitably she had lost all thought of the grounds; there was only Mr Clayfield's hand. Which, Mr Clayfield being Senior Tutor here at Fairlea, could not really be argued with. Nor could she have squirmed sharply away, as Diane would if it had happened in any other circumstances. No, all you could do was stand there. Feeling yourself trembling.

Mr Clayfield had gone unconcernedly on about the grounds, pointing out this and that — while his hand was simply feeling up her bum. Afterwards Diane had briefly wondered if she could have dreamt it — but you couldn't dream that in broad daylight. Or if it hadn't really been like that, Mr Clayfield's hand had only accidentally brushed





against her. But Diane knew that wasn't it either; Mr Clayfield had done it and quite deliberately. Now, later in the evening in Jackie's room, after Diane had tried her best to forget it there were Jackie and Samantha making sure she didn't.

'He did. Didn't he?' crowed Jackie. 'He did pinch your bottom. Where: in your room?'

'Wh...what about this attick?' asked Diane, not wishing to discuss in further detail what Mr Clayfield had done. And anyway what were they trying to say? About Mr Clayfield and this attic...?

'Fo you, Diane,' Samantha said, 'with all that fabulous hair that he's probably going bonkers about...not to mention that you've got a dishy figure as well...well, I can see you being sent to the attic room for no reason at all.'

'Absolutely,' agreed Jackie. 'For no-thing-at-all.'

'Look...you're joking...what does he...do?'

'Ravishes you,' Samantha said helpfully.

Diane looked sick. Jackie said, 'Well maybe. But actually Mr Clayfield's primary concern is your bottom. Couldn't you guess that from when he had his hand on it, in your room or wherever it was. What you sit on is what he wants. And what he wants to do is smack it. With your knickers down naturally. When he's had enough of that, it's a dose of the cane. For afters.'

'He...can't...' Diane breathed. 'He...can't do that.'

'Why not?' asked Jackie. 'Do you want to be kicked out of here? With no diploma or anything? No? Well then, you'd better be a good girl, hadn't you? Not try to fight Mr Clayfield. Mr Clayfield knows best. And if he thinks Diane Ringlow needs a little taste of discipline, she'd better accept it quietly, hadn't she? And nice Mr Clayfield is going to do it nice and privately in that attic room where there'll be no one else to see or know.'

'Except that everyone here will know,' Samantha put in. 'Because they'll know



he's not going to be able to resist a dishy blonde with such a nice big bum.'

'Has Diane got a big bum?' Jackie asked innocently. 'I don't know that I'd say that — but I'm sure it's just the size for Mr Clayfield. And just think, Diane — he could do it in front of all the rest of us, couldn't he? Pour encourager les autres as he might say. So you're really lucky it will be in the attic.'

'And there's a nice bed and everything in there,' bright-eyed Samantha added. 'I mean if Mr Clayfield should...er...you know...'

'Shut up!' red-faced Diane said fiercely. 'You're just trying to...scare me.'

* * *

Mr Clayfield certainly didn't hang about. Also he didn't really offer a reason either. Simply, 'So you know what our disciplinary measures here are, Diane.' That was what he said in the afternoon of her second full day at Fairlea. I'd therefore like you to move into the...er...attic room this evening. Right after supper. I shall...er...come and see you there. All right, young lady?'



It was true what the others said: that there wasn't a lot you could do about it. Not if you wanted to get your diploma. Not a lot except 'Yes Sir.' Trembling of course as you stood before Mr Clayfield in his study because the others had been lavish in their detail of what would take place when the 'attic ghost' came in to see you.

Diane was in the Fairlea outfit now, her

smart travelling suit put away in the cupboard in her room. Now it was the white sleeveless blouse and short navy skirt that the others wore. Brown flat-heeled shoes with ankle socks at the moment but for the evening you put on high heels. Diane would have the high heels on when Mr Clayfield came in for his disciplinary session. And...her navy skirt off? That was what the others had told her. 'Take your skirt off ready for it. That'll show him

you're going to take it without any argument. He might be a bit easier on you then.'

Mr Clayfield sitting at his desk was eyeing her. Eyeing that mass of pale blonde hair that according to Jackie and Sam had got Diane this early visit to the attic room. But it wasn't only the hair of course and it wasn't only the hair that Mr Clayfield was now eyeing. His eyes were on the tightish white blouse which because you didn't wear a bra at Fairlea clearly showed the nipples of Diane's high, firm boobs. And his eyes were on the short skirt. Picturing no doubt the tight black knickers, part of the Fairlea outfit, that underneath were fitting snugly over Diane's hips and backside. Knickers that he would be sliding down...

Diane didn't have her skirt off when Mr Clayfield came in at about 9.30 because she hadn't quite been able to make herself do it. Mr Clayfield right away with the door closed behind him told her to take them off and right away. Diane was thinking that she should have had it off ready...if what they said was true and it made it easier. She was fumbling at her skirt, not wishing to give the impression of reluctance to remove it. A spanking. On her bare bottom. Don't think about it...

'That's it. And let's have you up on the bed.'

Diane had the skirt off. This was pretty dreadful. Standing in just the sleeveless top which without a bra showed her tits, and the dark navy, almost black knickers. With these Diane had her white high heels and white ankle socks — and nothing else. And shortly of course...Mr Clayfield was going to be taking the knickers down. He was eyeing her now all right. Diane moved to get on the bed. Get it over with perhaps...but Mr Clayfield had stepped forward. Taking hold of her arm before she could actually do so.

'All right? We've got to have discipline. And a girl's got to learn to take it...'

'Y...Yes,' Diane stuttered. She was feeling pretty sick — without her skirt now and her head full of what the others had told her. Mr Clayfield moved closer, facing her.

'You do...understand, Diane...' She gave a little gasp. One of his





hands...was suddenly at the crotch of her knickers. Through the single thin layer...his hand was on her pussy. Another whimper came out...but she didn't try to remove the hand. They hadn't...said anything...about this.

Mr Clayfield's low, intimate voice. 'Discipline, Diane. That's what we must have. I'm shortly going to smack your bare bottom. And then I shall cane it. In the interests of discipline, Diane. And you have to show you can take it. Without making a lot of noise, or struggling or anything. All right?'

'Y...Y...Yes...Sir.' The hand was still there. Fingers between Diane's legs. Stroking her. Stroking the bulge of her pussy. Making her feel a bit like a rocket about to go off. Mr Clayfield's hand a touch-paper that was going to send her out into orbit. He didn't seem to be in any hurry to stop what he was

doing either. In no hurry to get on with things.

'A spanking. And then the cane, Diane. You will get both. You fully understand that?'

'Yes...Yes Mr Clayfield.' She would almost welcome it. If it meant an end to...what he was doing. But the hand was still there. His fingers...doing things to her pussy...that had her blood thudding in her ears. Diane's legs were going to collapse.

'The cane on your bare bottom, Miss. Kneeling on the bed. All right?'

'Yes...yes...'

'Hmmm.' No, Mr Clayfield didn't seem to want to stop. Or maybe it was that he wanted to get her in this state first. All hot and quivering. Shaking

like a jelly. Her head in a flat spin. And then...

'All right.' The hand at last let go of her. His other hand turned Diane round. The first hand slapped her sharply on the seat of the knickers. 'All right. Get the knickers down. And get up on the bed...'

And very shortly that was where Diane was. Kneeling on the bed with her head and arms down on the white cover. The nearly black knickers down to her knees. The ripe bare bulb of her bottom thrust up and out. And Mr Clayfield sitting close at the side, to bring one arm round her waist...and the other into contact with the palely quivering moons. A little fondling...and then...

Diane made a spluttering sound into the bed cover.



THE INSPECTOR

Continued from page 7

with ripely thrusting boobs. A chosen threesome offering variety to what Inspector Heilmann's palate. They have been told together so they at least know that the three of them are involved. 'Why us?' Helga wails. 'My God! Why not...Anna?'

'Anna had to see him last time,' Rosamond says, looking sick. Anna is another very attractive girl and if the Inspector wants to see good-looking girls you would expect Anna to be on the list. 'How do you know?' gasps Helga. Rosamond says simply, 'I know.'

'My God! Well...what did he do?'

Natalie is looking sick too. 'The cane. She must have had the cane...?'

Rosamond says, 'Yes. But you've been caned before. Mr Myrtal and the others...' And of course it is true, you don't have to wait until you are sent to see the Inspector before you are caned. Several of the staff at the Institute are keen to use the cane. Assistant Director Myrtal especially. All of them have been caned by Mr Myrtal. More than once. And although it is pretty awful it is not quite the end of

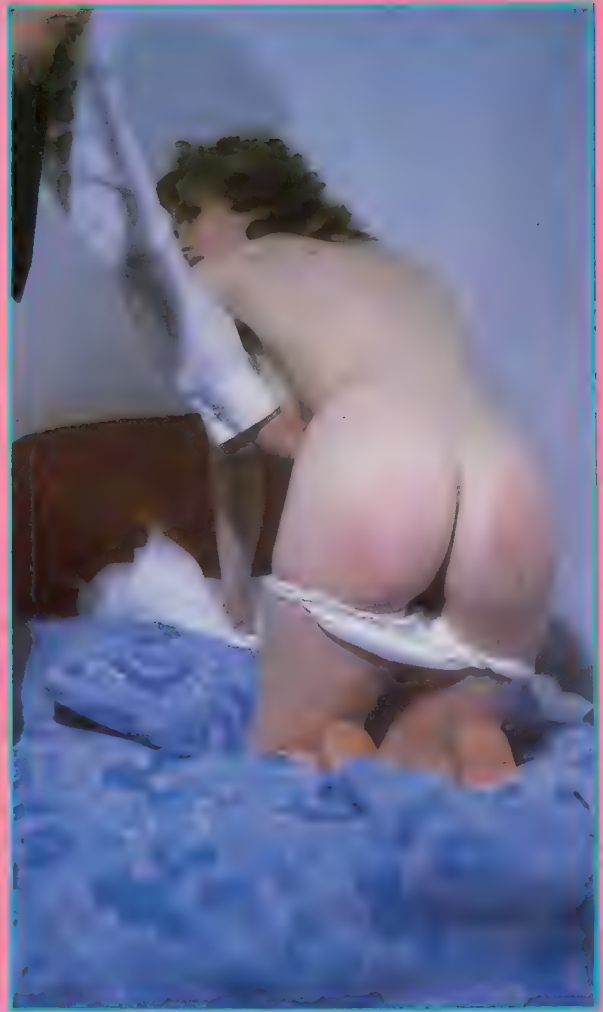
the world. But somehow the thought of Inspector Heilmann is in a different category. His very name conjures up something different, making your bottom shiver.

'Yes. But that's not...not...' Natalie can't bring herself to speak the name. 'That's something else.'

'H...he wants us...with nothing on...and all wet...my God!' The thought is too much for Helga who wipes tears from her eyes.

'Unless there's a change of plan,' Rosamond says, clutching at straws. 'Mr Myrtal did say...unless





there was a change of plan.'

Rosamond in fact had to see Mr Myrtal later that day, yesterday. Mr Myrtal is keen on Rosamond, keen on her splendid, athletic body. The firm, full tits and especially those powerfully muscled legs. So Rosamond frequently has to see Mr Myrtal on some pretext or other. The pretext usually involves having to take her knickers down for a spanking at least.

Assistant Director Myrtal has told Rosamond to report to his room immediately she has finished tennis practice. Tennis is on the schedule for an hour on two after-

noons a week in the summer, with running (cross-country or track) on two other afternoons. Gym practice is throughout the year three mornings a week for an hour. In the winter cross-country is the only afternoon sport, on three afternoons a week whatever the weather. Mr Myrtal wants Rosamond immediately after tennis because then she'll be in her short-skirted tennis outfit: those long, muscular legs bare with above them the very briefest of sports knickers inadequately protecting Rosamond's splendid bottom and barely covering her crotch. Mr Myrtal has said something about Rosamond running in a part of the

grounds where she should have been walking; it is a flimsy excuse but that is not a problem for Mr Myrtal. He is Assistant Director; he could have Rosamond in his room for no excuse at all if he wished.

For once the prospect of going in to Mr Myrtal and whatever he is going to do is not such a problem for Rosamond; her mind can only think of Mr Heilmann tomorrow. Faced with that prospect Mr Myrtal is almost unwelcome; it is at least a familiar prospect, not a venture into the dread unknown. Mr Myrtal is waiting for her, smiling his smug smile.





'Ah, beautiful Rosamond. Have you had a good game? An energetic game? Are you perspiring vigorously? Under those lovely arms, between those marvellous thighs? Mmm? Perhaps I should have let you take a shower first, eh? Like Mr Heilmann tomorrow.'

The mention of that name causes Rosamond to look visibly sick. Mr Myrtal grins. 'Not looking forward to that?'

She vigorously shakes her head. Wants to plead with him: get down on her knees and plead — because no doubt Mr Myrtal could substitute someone else, the three of them are his choice. Rosamond

would do anything — but she knows that pleading won't do any good.

'Take your knickers down. Mr Heilmann's not that bad. All he wants is a nice pretty girl who'll cooperate, be friendly. It's not a problem.'

Rosamond takes her knickers down. For once taking them down for Mr Myrtal doesn't really bother her. She is thinking only of tomorrow. 'Wha...what...is he going to do?'

Mr Myrtal laughs. Moves in close to Rosamond who is now standing trembling with her knickers half

way down those statuesque thighs. His hand slips up under the short pleated skirt to her bare bottom. The flesh is glowing, with a fine sheen of perspiration from the exertions of tennis. 'Lovely...' he says. 'Our Inspector is really going to love this, Rosamond. So we'll all get a good report and everyone will be happy. Just think what an excellent service you'll be performing.'

Rosamond makes a sobbing sound. 'Please...I don't want to go...' she can't help pleading. Mr Myrtal responds by pulling her over to his chair, sitting down and pulling Rosamond over his lap. Her glowing, perspiring body turns him on



and her pleading, her evident stark fear of Mr Heilmann, adds further excitement. All the girls are really scared of the prospect of having to see the Inspector. Do those who have had that little treat tell the others, he wonders. Or is it just an unreasoning fear of what they don't know?

Mr Myrtal strokes Rosamond's splendid bottom: soft, silky flesh but with those well-honed muscles under the surface giving it its firmness and shape. She is in something of a state all right, about Mr Heilmann. An excitable state no doubt. His hand drifts down to Rosamond's thighs. Pushes them

apart. His hand sliding in between. Rosamond makes an 'Oooofff...' sound. As Mr Myrtal takes hold of her. Softly he murmurs, teasing, 'Maybe Mr Heilmann will want this.'

A gasping yelp. At what Mr Myrtal is doing or his words. Or both. The hand is right there, his fingers have slid open the lips. He commences to rhythmically stroke her. Rosamond grips the legs of the chair for support, and grits her teeth. She is responding, she can't help it. Writhing her hips against that hand which is working at her. Desperately thrusting her hot pussy against the working fingers. She

hates it but she can't help herself. Her hip movements get more desperate, more urgent. She is going to come...

Rosamond feels dreadful afterwards, her whole body shaking like a leaf. The Assistant Director gives her a few minutes to recover and then he starts spanking her. Crisp, stinging smacks to the ripe cheeks, the backs of those splendid, no longer thrusting thighs. When he has given Rosamond a thorough, mind-numbing spanking Mr Myrtal wonders if perhaps he should finish off with a touch of the cane.

'What do you think, Rosamond?



Dear Sir,

Please, please let us have more stories of Sally Ann, Linda and all those innocent faced, but charmingly curvy bottomed models that have delighted me, and I am sure many other readers through the past months. I do feel that Blushes is getting better and better as time goes by. Congratulations on being able to improve the quality whereas so many other magazines seem to fall into the 'rubbish' trap after a short time.

Tommy, Somerset

Editor: Keep looking out for those models that you mention as well as some new ones.

Dear Editor,

Admiring the tight-skirted buttocks of the young waitress stretching to remove dishes from the adjoining table in the Post House Hotel, Edinburgh hotel reminded me that I had promised to try to find Scots tawses for colleagues in West Africa, my brief stating 'of the most severe kind — not (Soho) toys!' To my room, consultation of the Yellow Pages, and, two 'phone calls later, I had obtained the address of a stickist. As I drove down the hotel ramp, 'my' waitress was sighed at the bus stop and I offered her a lift to town. What followed would make one a fatalist. She lived near my point of call. No, I did not have a number but I was looking for a saddler/leather goods shop. Imagine my feelings when she said 'I ken it fine — that's the tawse maker who appeared on TV recently!' Overcoming any embarrassment (as a result of the lunchtime lager?) I took the bull by the horns and told her that I was actually intending to purchase tawses, giving her a potted version of the disciplinary regime in West Africa. She waxed eloquent! Had some experience 'at the wrong end of the belt' but now moonlighted for an escort agency with massage parlours and photographic model studios, and now occasionally gave 'Scottish massage'; this, she explained, was massage with substitution of the kneading, karate-chopping hand by the tawse to stimulate circulation. Now I was parked near the shop and we went together. I could scarcely believe

my eyes when I saw a selection of 2, 3 and 4-tailed Lochgelly-type tawses in the window together with other spanking instruments, some in designs I had not seen before. She gave me her opinion in a manner which resulted in my inviting her to have an alcoholic session with me in the basement bar of a small hotel — ideal for my purposes as we were the only customers and the barmaid was trying to keep serving whilst having her lunch and a 'drag' behind the scene. If I wanted 'a belted arse' then look no further. Of course, she knew of those who'd take it, but I suspected that I might be entering the world of drugs and Edinburgh's Aids related problems — I wondered if this might be due to the International Festival, but my sexy, worldly companion assured me that the main reason is North Sea Oil and that many Americans are into 'dumping' (spanking) which 'the girls' can handle, whereas the Arabs 'come on strong' with their predilections giving way to genuine whippings. At this stage, I felt I might safely confess my interest in her bum and my pondering why I did not detect any knicker line. She turned on one buttock, threw up her skirt and said 'Viola...pantihose and no knickers — it's bloody hot in the hotel kitchen.' She went on to tell me that she lives with an aunt and young cousin, that the aunt would appreciate any assistance with her rent and that, since she regularly leathers her daughter's bare arse, perhaps I might find her interesting. This I did, but now, being more sober and learning that the hidden promise centred in a council estate, I was less than enthusiastic, suggesting that I might meet her aunt, which I did immediately after we had called for a selection of tawses of the thickest available leather, craftsman made from pale leather, somewhat stiff and in need of 'working in' and oiling. My waitress had quite a conversation with the saddler, giving him the benefit of her experiences, and I was surprised to learn that, despite the tawse being officially phased out, the demand was never higher, it being suggested that more mothers and fathers were assuming the role previously left to teachers and the law.

'Auntie' proved to be a very attractive redhead whose age I put at 30; in Africa, many girls in their mid

to late teens have 30 year old mothers, but I did not believe that Pat could be the mum of my waitress; cousin; in fact, 'Auntie' had been a model until trouble with the Inland Revenue when she had taken to boarding some of the younger girls whose parents had kicked them out of the family home because of the 'model' and 'maseuse' connotation, but, due to council rules about tenants and subletting, she had to pass of her paying guests as family. We hit it off very well and, within minutes, I was regaling her with the use to which I would put the tawses in Africa and she was encouraging me with such comments as 'Great. That's what these girls need. How often do you give the maximum 24 strokes? Tell us more about the koboko and the Young Offenders' Institution.' They were amused about my telling them that my African senior assistant mistress often had the girls on punishment parade wait my administrations with cane and tawse stripped naked (not that a dress and 'pants', often the sole garments, needs much removal) saying 'if you behave like an ignorant bush girl then you might as well dress as one.' Pat said that she had never been further than Berwick (50 miles) and how she'd love to visit Africa and see all the wild animals. I did not tell her that, in West Africa, everything which moves and can be eaten has already been killed, because an air fare would not worry me and, although not a sophisticated member of the intelligensia, Pat has a great personality, is schooled in the 'Varsity of Life and would certainly hold her own in 'expatriate' West Africa.

It having transpired that my with-it waitress was 'on call', I took the opportunity to date Pat who not only agreed enthusiastically but wanted to know if she should deal with my obvious hard-on before or after — I settled for both! — as she had excited me with talk of her C.P. experiences at both ends of the strap, ending by saying '...and I don't think it did my bum any harm, do you?' whereupon she stood, raised her dress, pulled down her French knickers and stuck a gorgeous bare arse in my face. I fondled, kissed and said I'd love to leather it as a change from the attractive black bums with which I deal daily. And where was

the third member of the trio? As I had come to suspect the 'young daughter' was feeding an expensive habit, specialised in modelling and, wehn strapped for cash, would agree to be strapped for real; I did not meet her as she was 'doing the pop scene' and had not bee home for days.

Pat's tawse expelled any suspicion that it was a mere photographic prop; marked 'John Dick XH' it had been dark brown but, apart from the gripping end, was now blackened by the body oil secretions from undoubted sterling service since the days Pat had to take down her knickers, as did her friends and the other members of a large family, and suffer the kind of tawsing advocated by the members of 'the wee free kirk' for commandment breaking. Of course, I wanted to give Pat's delighted bum 'a taste,' but Pat said that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well and so let us leave 'bum flaying' until we had enjoyed a night out, by which time we might involve Morag (the waitress). It was over an alcoholic dinner (we'd taken a taxi) on a floating restaurant in dockland that I was told the usual price of indulging my whim — the first stroke free, £1 for the second, £2 for the third and so on, punishment to be confined to the bare buttocks/upper 4" of back of thighs, no restriction on how hard to lay on the leather, door to remain open and Morag to be near 'in case of trouble.' Separate arrangement re involvement of Morag by agreement but her leathering would be exclusively by Pat, who would, however, really lay on the tawse with every stroke to a maximum of 6 being clearly seen to mark and weal the sexy 37" bare bum. Sex would then cost extra and would include the non-selected girl being required to 'stand in the corner displaying her flogged arse.' When you are on leave from the African bush, what is money? I reckon I really got value for money later as three consenting adults indulged a mutual appreciation of the secondary role of CP — true punishment being the first. Oh, and they even provided breakfast before Morag and I returned to the hotel, she later to serve me a second (English) breakfast to help me regain my strength and to date her for a variation on the theme of the previous night — rather more foreplay and

fewer really hard strokes of the thick leather strap! They say that they will holiday with me in West Africa and I have told them I'll take the cost in kind in my fully equipped punishment room, complete with vaulting horses and penal flogging tressles. They are anxious to witness real punishment floggings and I enhanced their desire by showing them a selection of newspaper cuttings and pics, to prove that penal floggings in Africa is not for the squeamish, e.g. for robbing a food store, 18 year old Mary Tebite was sentenced to 3 months and 17 cuts of the penal cane, and Meg Umusu, convicted of assault, got 12 on her bare arse.

K.R.B.

Dear Blushes,

What a pleasure it was for Simon L. to show off his wife in Supplement No. 31.

I noted that Simon requested for readers to suggest ways to discipline Caroline if they had charge of her.

Well I propose a few items that Simon may enjoy to implement.

Saturday morning:- A shopping trip to the supermarket could turn out an embarrassing experience for Caroline. Especially as she has to dress as a young girl teenager with a blouse, pleated skirt, a plain sweater and tie, white knee socks and flat shoes. I also suggest that Caroline has her long hair tied back with a single strand of ribbon.

Simon could become angry with Caroline at a crowded checkout and delivers — while holding Caroline's arm — a few well aimed smacks to her bottom and lovely legs. Then Simon could inform you in a loud voice that 'there's a spanking for you Caroline when you get home.' This should be preferably with others waiting, so they can soak up Caroline's embarrassment as well as a smirking checkout girl.

Saturday evening:- Caroline should be dressed in a cotton print dress with a full skirt, with high court shoes. Underwear consisting of a slip with matching French knickers, dark stockings and suspenders.

I think a spelling test for Caroline

would be appropriate with about twenty five words on a list. Given 5 minutes to remember. Then Caroline has to give the correct spelling as Simon says the word.

Caroline should be informed of the punishment for every incorrect spelling. I consider seven spanks for every incorrect word at least. The spanking should be carried out as follows:-

1 to 3 wrong — Simon should sit in an upright chair and place Caroline across his knee. Lift Caroline's dress and slip past her waist. Then proceed with the spanking by hand over her knickers (20 spanks, no less).

4 to 6 wrong — Caroline across knee with spanking by hand, but with French knickers removed from bottom. (28 to 42 spanks).

More than 6 wrong well Caroline!!

I think you had better fetch your hairbrush from your dressing table. Then its across Simon's knee with you young lady for a bare bottom spanking with the hairbrush. Then its half an hour stood facing the wall with your dress and slip pinned up at the back and your hands on your head Caroline. You may as well give Simon your pretty French knickers for safe keeping.

Finally, Caroline for being such a naughty girl today, you can bloody well get upstairs and go straight to bed by 8.30 pm.

Well I hope you enjoyed reading of how I suggest you should discipline Caroline. Perhaps Simon, you could implement this one weekend and ask Caroline to write a full account in Blushes with a few more pictures.

Yours,

Andy T.

Dear Sirs,

Frank M asks for advice on how to cure Rosalba. I've presented my answers in pictorial terms. I hope Frank enjoys the contribution.

I love the adoption theme, and I'd be happy to treat other girls in a similar way to Rosalba, given appropriate photos.

P.P.



ROSALBA



A FRIEND IN NEED

Roger pressed his lips against Sandra's bared nipple. She moaned gently, arching her back, pressing her breast against his caress. After he had kissed her, he talked softly, whispering close to her ear. Her eyes were closed. He was lying between her legs. 'So you wanted to tell me about Jilly...?' His fingers were touching her where she was wet and extra-sensitive. Each stroke of his finger tips sent new ripples of ecstasy through her body. Her voice was soft and choked. 'Peter doesn't know what she needs.' Roger's lips went again to her nipple, standing proud and firmly erect, her breast softly resilient. 'So what does she need?' he asked her, already knowing the answer. He lifted himself away from her, giving her the freedom to move. She wriggled onto her front, her head resting gently on the pillow, turned to face him, her long legs casually open. He knew what Sandra needed. He gave it to her, almost every night. His fingers traced secret patterns across the contours of her bottom. 'You're very beautiful,' he told her, almost every night. His fingers traced secret patterns across the contours of her bottom. 'You're very beautiful,' he told her quietly. He often told her how beautiful she was. Not just her tits. Her bottom. The bottom of a growing young woman. Smooth and round. Fully fleshed. She was a gorgeous creature, and being no mean athlete, her body was in gorgeous shape. Her bottom could look soft and vulnerable, and yet firm and resilient, all at the same time. He knew he could smack her really hard. Really make her yell and squirm. But she was strong and fit and healthy. She could take it. Rosy red-cheeked, she would kiss him goodnight. And on the following evening, she would bare her bottom for more.

Peter was having problems. It was easy enough to get at Jilly's tits. And to get a firm grip of her knickers. But that's what it would always end. 'God. What's wrong with you?' he yelled at her one night, as she remained chaste, hands clutching her knickers, bra tangled around one shoulder. 'Sod you,' she announced, climbing off his bed to retrieve her discarded jeans and blouse. 'Sod you.' She sought consolation from her childhood friend. 'God. What's wrong with him, Sand?' Sandra reckoned she knew. She and Jilly were birds of a

feather. Girls with the same or, at least similar predilections and preferences. They went for a drink. Not to the local, but out in the country, where the lads couldn't reach them. In a quiet corner by the flickering log fire. 'Remember Oakdean?' Julie downed her vodka. 'God. Do I remember Oakdean!' Sandra leaned towards her friend and whispered a few intimate reminders into Jilly's ear. They giggled together, like naughty young girls. 'So does Roger give you...you know...?' Sandra went back to the bar and returned with refilled glasses. 'Yes. He bloody well does. Whenever I need it.' She handed Jilly her drink. 'And it's bloody marvellous.'

They drove home, knowing the lads would be out playing skittles. 'So how do I get Peter to sort himself out?' It was a cry from the heart. 'The stupid wimp couldn't even swipe a fly.' Sandra was driving. 'Find yourself another bloke. That's my advice.'

Very late that afternoon, Sandra began rethinking their conversation. Perhaps she could get things moving. Get Peter to wake himself up. She lay on top of her bedclothes, her fingertips tracing patterns upon the most erogenous areas of her bare body. She remembered how she had first sorted out Roger. How she had bent forwards across his bed, tantalising him, her little nightie carelessly raised so he would see her bottom. She remembered the taunts and the insults. She remembered his angry murmur as he strode across the room and lifted her off her feet, placing her face down across his knee. Sometimes she really itched with a desire for that first spanking, so real and uncontrolled. So forceful. He had really lost his temper. He had really upturned her, ripped back her nightie. He had really laid into her. And she had asked for every sweet stinging smack.

Roger entered her, with a short firm thrust. She stifled a deep-throated gasp. 'Look. What about Jillie...and...' She lost control of her vocal chords as he rode her, edging her closer and closer to orgasm. Afterwards, as they lay together, fingers exploring each other's bodies, she returned to the subject. 'We've got to light his fire,' she told her boyfriend. 'For Jilly's sake...'

Two days later, Peter and Jilly were invited round to Roger's place for supper. Strategically-placed candles created the right mood. Soft red wine helped to relax tensions. After the meal, the two lads relaxed in the lounge, soft blues on the stereo. Sandra and Jilly were in the kitchen. The sound of shattering glass broke the atmosphere. 'What the bloody...' Roger ran in to the kitchen, Peter following. 'Alright. Which of you young madams smashed it?' On the kitchen tiles lay the remains of a wine glass. The two girls glanced urgently at each other. 'Right. Get in here.' The order was directed at Sandra. Meekly, she scampered into the lounge.

Peter sank in astonishment towards the nearest empty chair as he watched his friend take control. Jilly stood in the open doorway. Sandra was dragged unceremoniously across Roger's knee as he sat on the settee. 'No, Roger. No. Not now...No!' Sandra's short disco skirt was pulled right up, well clear of her bottom. Red fashion tights were tugged right down, along with her brief knickers. 'Jesus Christ, Roger. Later! Not while they're watching. Please!'

Roger, oblivious to her pleas, began smacking his girlfriend's bottom. Firm explosive smacks which rippled across her bare bottom flesh and made her squirm and swear and gasp and yell. 'For God's sake, Roger...for bloody Pete's sake...' Pete watched spellbound, his girlfriend too, stood open-mouthed as the punishment commenced, and Roger turned Sandra's bottom into a blazing stinging mass of girlish bottom flesh. Many minutes later, after Sandra had yelled and pleaded and threatened, Roger finally stopped. She climbed to her feet, tugging up her knickers and tights. Without another word, she ran from the room. But the glance she directed at Jilly said everything.

Jilly stood in the doorway, hands on her slim hips. She spoke to her boyfriend. 'Peter. I've got a confession to make...' Both lads looked at her. 'I broke it. Not Sandra.' She glanced at Roger and then back to Peter. 'So what are we going to do about it?' Peter was rivetted to the spot, still stunned by the earlier vision of big Sandra, writhing, knickers down...across her boyfriend's knee. Jilly repeated the challenge. 'Look lads. I did it. Not Sandra. So who's going to tan MY bottom...' Roger stood up. 'Get your jeans off, love. I'll tan you...you bloody well deserve it...' Peter, hardly able to believe his eyes, watched his girlfriend meekly strip off her jeans, right in front of Roger. 'Hey. This has gone too far...' He stood between his girl and Roger. 'I'm not letting you touch her...' Jilly, now dressed in just her tee-shirt and knickers, pushed him away. 'Don't be stupid, you wimp! I deserve it. And Roger's going to give it to me.' She draped herself across his knee, and waited for Roger to take down her knickers. It was inevitable. He always smack-

ed Sandra on the bare. Her bottom was bared. She lay there, Roger's hand hovering in mid-air above her creamy bottom cheeks.

'Don't you bloody touch her. Don't you bloody dare...' Peter ran across to his girlfriend, grabbing her by the arm, lifting her away from Roger's knee. She stood up. Again her hands went to her hips. But now, she was minus her knickers as well. No-one noticed Sandra, now standing in the doorway, watching the proceedings. Roger stood up, holding his arms aloft. 'Alright. I won't touch her. She's all yours.' He strode across the room, took hold of Sandra, and disappeared from view.

As Peter approached, Jilly backed away, strangely, refusing to allow her boyfriend to touch her. 'Hey. What's wrong now?' She put her hand up, pushing him away. 'I'll tell you what's wrong. It's you. You're a wimp. A bloody wimp! Why can't you be a man? Like Roger? Why can't YOU deal with me? Why can't YOU keep me under control?' She scampered to the settee and stretched herself across its padded arm, face down, displaying her bare bottom. 'It you can't tan my bottom, you stupid pranny. Then you can't screw me either!' Peter's temper finally erupted. Somehow, he found a large leather sandal in his hand. He thanked Roger for its provision. Swearing darkly to himself, he stood over his girlfriend, and her cheeky upturned bottom. 'Jesus Christ. I'll teach you to talk to me like that!' He raised the slipper and implanted an almighty slap across Jilly's bottom curves. Again and again. And she danced and yelled and pleaded and tossed her pretty head backwards and forwards.

Two hours later, Sandra and Roger lay together in the bedroom, holding each other. His fingers were cupping her bottom cheeks, still feeling their radiating warmth. They were listening to the lively sexual activity taking place in the adjoining room. 'Jesus Christ, he's really giving it to her, isn't he?' Sandra suppressed a little giggle. 'Doubt whether our Jilly's been screwed like that for a very long time!' Roger could only agree, judging by the mixture of creaks and groans. Peter was really going at it. 'Think we've solved the problem, then?' Roger turned, and kissed his girlfriend's lips. 'Sounds like it.'

Next door, young Jilly was still perched face down over the settee. She was devoid of her knickers. And her bra and tee-shirt. Her bottom looked very red. And Peter was giving her the sex session of the century. 'You bloody show me up again...' he whispered through clenched teeth. 'And I'll tan you into the middle of next week.' Silently, Jilly whispered Thank God. And promised to buy Roger and Sandra a very special drink, next time they met.

THE INSPECTOR

Continued from page 25

Mmm? To finish off with.' Rosamond sobs out something unintelligible — presumably a desperate negative. Mr Myrtal's hand slips between her thighs again. No, he won't in fact cane her. Not now. Not with tomorrow...he wouldn't want her to do something irrational: try to climb over the wall and run away, or do something equally stupid when Mr Heilmann is here. That would not be good for anyone concerned.

Mr Myrtal laughs. Strokes Rosamond for a little. Then pushes her to her feet. She can pull up her

knickers. He strokes the jutting tits under the thin tennis shirt. 'Don't worry about it, Rosamond. It's nothing to get excited about. It's just routine, an interview with Inspector Heilmann.'

* * *

Somehow everyone is aware that the Inspector has arrived. That the big black car has entered the gates, purred up the driveway and come to a halt at the front of the house. The girls' working areas are at the back so they haven't actually seen anything but somehow they all know that the car, and its passenger in the back seat, have

arrived.

Helga and Rosamond and Natalie who are due to see Mr Heilmann after gym are getting ready for the gym class with the rest of the group. The other girls — there are eight in the group — do not of course know that the three have already been selected so everyone is in a state of panic, each fearing that she may be called on at some point in the morning. Mr Vontag who takes them for gym has come in the changing room where they are changing into their leotards and he can see the state they are in. One girl, Carla, is making a wailing noise. Mr Vontag steps over and





grabs her bottom.

'If you don't stop that immediately, Carla, I shall cane you right here. And then send you straightaway to the Inspector. Stop all that nonsense at once.'

There are desperate, whimpering sounds. Mr Vontag knows who have been selected. He goes over to Helga. 'You're not being silly, are you, Helga? Of course not.'

Helga in fact is feeling quite sick. Thinking wild irrational thoughts of going and hiding somewhere. She doesn't answer but shivers as Mr Vontag strokes her bottom. 'No,

of course not,' he repeats. Perhaps he'll see her afterwards, he thinks. On some pretext or other. That would be very interesting. Delightful Helga after she has had her session with the Inspector.

The panic, the distractedness, continues through the gym class. Mr Vontag makes use of his little strap on more than one occasion, across bare thighs or leotard-clad bottom. If the Inspector were to come into the class and see the way the girls are performing it would of course reflect on him; but that is not on Inspector Heilmann's schedule. He is taking coffee with the Director at this moment. He will stay there

chatting until the end of this class, when those three...

There is a period of private study after gym. The rest of the group will be in their rooms — fearing no doubt a knock on the door at any moment. But Helga and Rosamond and Natalie..No, they won't be in their rooms. Mr Vontag quietly tells them to shower first. Quickly he collects their clothes. Aft they have showered he ushers them out. They are able to disappear without the others realising...they will assume that the three have gone off to their rooms. But they are being hurried along the corridor...dripping water...to the Director's





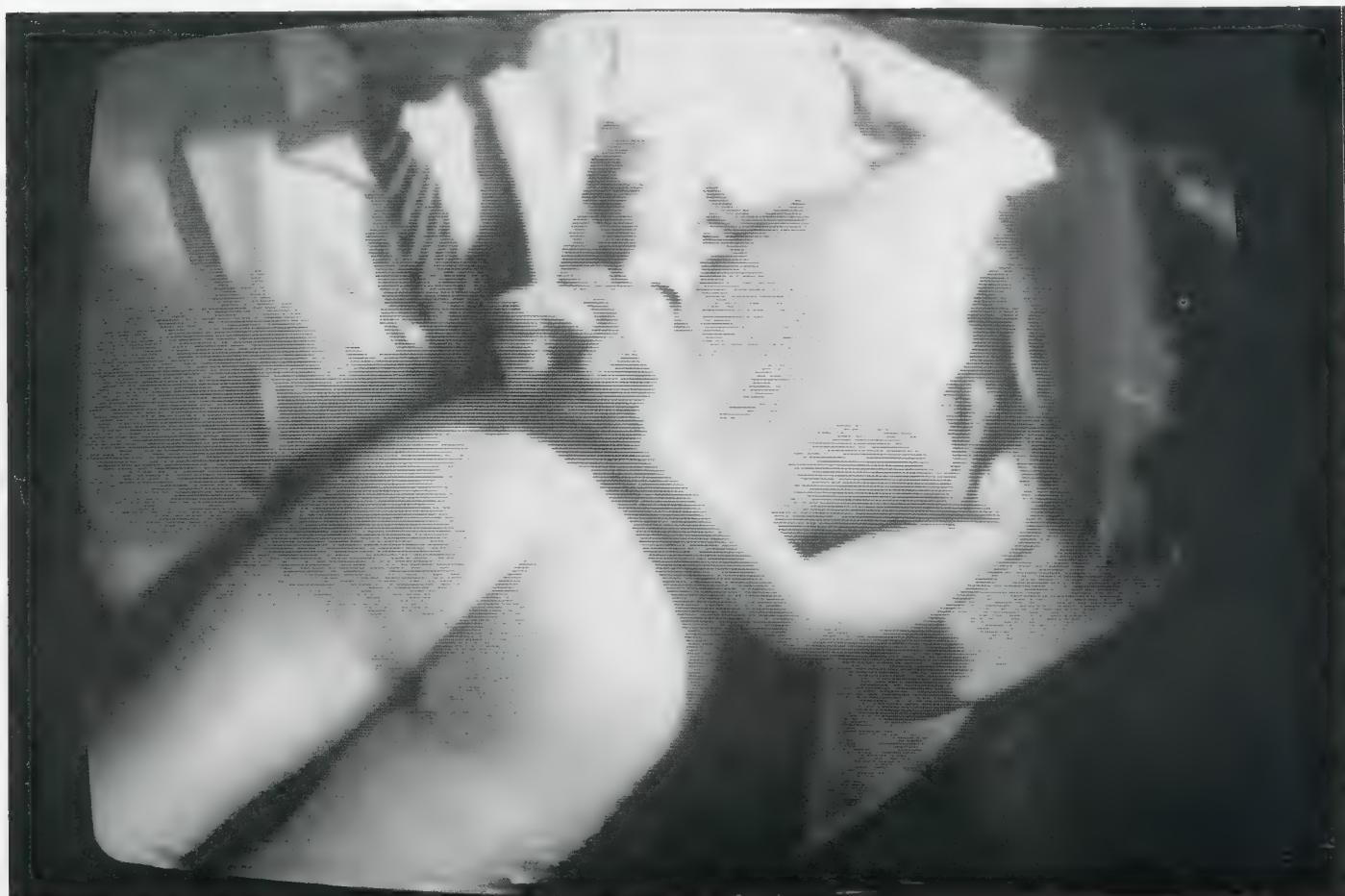
room. And quickly, still dripping, inside.

The two men, the Director and Inspector Heilmann, are here sitting at a table. The girls shuffle in to

stand in a wet line in front of them. Rosamond and Natalie have slipped shoes on but Helga is still barefoot. They stand shaking, holding their towels, not sure if they can cover themselves with the towels or not. The Director puts them right on

this: 'Put the towels down, girls. Let the Inspector have a look at you.'

Inspector Heilmann is not dreadful looking. Most of them have seen him before and know this already.





He is really quite ordinary looking. But of course it is not what Inspector Heilmann looks like, it is what he does.

'Good morning, girls.' His voice is quite normal too. 'Been having gym?'

They chorus an anxious 'Yes Sir.' They have to state their names. He nods, and addresses Rosamond. 'Rosamond, let me see you do some jumps. On the spot. Nice bouncy ones. Can you do that?'

Rosamond, looking sick, complies. Bounces up and down. Her big firm tits bouncing firmly up and down too. Perhaps it is those tits

that Inspector Heilmann is most interested in. She keeps jumping until he tells her to stop.

'Very good, Rosamond. You seem very fit. And now...Helga...?'

Helga and then Natalie have to do the same in turn. Stiff-legged jumps, their nude tits bouncing heavily. When they have each performed to Inspector Heilmann's satisfaction he gets to his feet.

'I think I'd like to see Rosamond first, Director.'

Director Lardorff says, 'Of course, Inspector Heilmann.' There is a little ante room opening from the

main room. The Inspector takes Rosamond in there. The door is closed after them. A little while later the sound of a frantic, half-stifled cry. And then another. Rosamond's cries. The other two girls try to stand still, try to shut out the sound of the cries. As they wait their own turns. Director Landorff walks over to Helga and reflectively pats her wet bottom.

All has been seen, all has been recorded, every intimate moment, nothing left to the imagination, only thoughts are sacred.

A sweaty hand adjusts the monitor and the image on the screen moves even closer.



ERROR IS



It was, of course, a repetition of the old, old story. A job that paid over the odds. The environment in this particular area did not exactly boast a lot of jobs to employ the numerous number of people looking for work. The first two did not usually go together. Very high pay, more than the national average and the unemployment problem, leaving a large number of people on the dole queue.

'Do you know, Gerald,' Nadia was speaking to her husband after her first day at the much prized job, 'one of the girls told me that our boss actually punishes a girl when she makes mistakes.'

'Most bosses do darling,' he grinned.

'But not just punishing. Our boss actually...well, I don't know how true it is, but our boss canes them...on their bottoms!'

Her hazel brown eyes looked across the table and showed her incredulous misbelief at such a retributory act when a mistake had

been made. Gerald chewed the last of his supper and then seemed to be mulling this over in his mind. They had only been married for nine months. As soon as they wed, Nadia was thrown onto the dole heap and life had been rather difficult. The old adage that two can live as cheaply as one had been very quickly disproved and dispelled by the frugal manner in which they had had to live. With her new job, just like many others, they could foresee a completely happier and softer future. Holidays, a car, that renovation to the bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. As soon as it had become common knowledge that she had found a firm commitment from her new employer, their bank manager had had a complete change of heart and was aching now to lend them money...so had the mortgage society. People up here did not borrow money and banks were feeling the pinch.

'Hell,' Gerald was not too sure how to handle this one. He was a young man who had plenty of common sense. It was not that he had fallen out of love with the attractive Nadia, but the fact was that he was



NO COMEDY

fed up with the lack of cash that had come along with her last loss of a job. It had taken her nine months to get this one and that was only because a girl had had to leave to have a baby.

'Go on,' Nadia was steadily looking at him.

'I suppose that means you want to leave,' his voice betrayed his abject disappointment at the sudden cloud that was about to cloud the euphoric cloud of delight and optimism that they had lived under since the letter had arrived confirmed her appointment.

'Oh Gerald. I shall not hand in notice. No way,' she firmly assured him. 'But I wondered how you would feel about the fact of the boss actually...well...you know...caning me if I did something wrong.'

Her pretty face was very red now and she was fighting the tormenting and nagging fear that he did not care for her as much as he used to. But she shared his emotional



distress that if she should give notice to quit then they were back in a position worse than before! Especially when they would have been able to take a holiday with the bonus that the employees received when holiday times came round.

'I must say he seems a very reasonable boss,' Gerald tried to balance the worry in her mind. 'Look at it this way. He pays well. He pays a bonus when you take your holiday and also at Christmas...the money you get is almost as much as me...we are living in Paradise Isle since you were offended this job,' he was not complaining.

He could not envisage Nadia actually having a cane across her bottom and yet, he felt a strange sort of unexplainable thrill at the idea that if she warrented it, then her boss would be able to order her panties down to expose her bottom and then cane her. He supposed lots of husbands had a similar reaction. As she bathed, he sat in the armchair, the television was on and his eyes were not taking in the picture



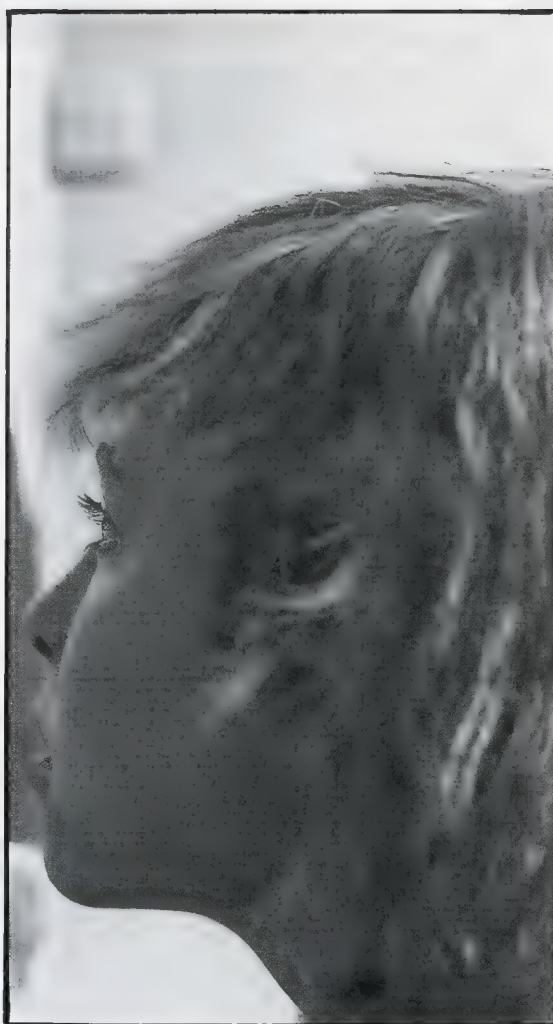
at all...his mind was thinking only of Nadia making some mistake and then her boss caning her.

Up in the bathroom, Nadia was also thinking of a similar situation and her blushing face revealed that she too was visualising such a condition. She knew she would just HAVE to do as the boss told her. But her common-sense told her that once a boss had a girl in such a state, then he would be able to exert other powerful holds over her until she would be in a state where she would be ready to do anything that he demanded. And because of the problems that they had suffered, she knew that despite her natural shyness, she would be the one who would meekly accept all that the boss might make her do. She just did not have any choice...no choice at all.

Nadia was quietly surprised pleasantly at the frisky actions of Gerald that night! He had never been as good as this!!

'Gerald...do...do...I...do let him cane my bottom if I make a mistake?'

What a thing to say just as she was



getting as excited as she could under the circumstances!!

'Yess...yes...Darling...you must do everything he tells you to do,' Gerald gasped.

'I will...I will promise...I swear...anything he tells me to do...' she shrieked.

They often made sex talk whenever they made love, but this was the most penetrating responses that either of them had ever made into the realms of fantasy. The following morning, there were no recriminations. No blushes, no nothing.

'Be a good girl today,' he smiled as he pecked her goodbye.

'I will darling,' she went all gushy.

Whatever his reactions were, Nadia reported a faultless record that night. And the next and the next. It was beginning to appear as though the statement by the other girl on that first occasion had been gossip and malicious rumour. That was the way it appeared!

Two weeks and the subject faded



from memory. She felt strangely elated when she went on the third Monday. She had bought some new undies and daringly covered her shapely legs in black stockings and suspender belt. Even the laxy frilled blouse was new. Perhaps it was because her head was filled with the new outfit which she felt made her really ace and chic that her fingers pressed wrong keys on the computer board. The machine tried to let her know that she was making a nonsense of the orders and she recognised some of the errors.

'Mustn't keep doing this,' she muttered to herself. 'It won't be a caning, it will be the sack!'

Adam Salisbury studied the logged print out and screwed his face up in both surprise and a little anger. What the bloody hell was going on out there. He pressed a button on the intercom...

'The batch of instructions off keyboard number 7598/A4. Hold it will you,' he snapped into the mouthpiece as he spoke to his warehouse manager. The manager assured him he would and then Salisbury replaced his receiver to



depress another button...

'Who operates 7598/A4?' he wanted to know.

'Mrs Nadia Chambers, sir,' came back the reply.

'Send her up to me. She's made a complete balls up of her orders to the warehouse,' he snarled.

'Coming up right away, sir,' the manageress said.

'Mrs Nadia Chambers,' his voice mused over the name. 'Which one is that?' A knock on the door of his exclusively sited office and he barked out for her to come in.

She might make a muck of her order sheet but great Scott, she was a real stunner to look at. The full thrusting breasts and certainly shapely legs with that elfin look on her face gave him a jolt that he had not had for a long time. He almost opened his drawer to get his cane out without even confronting her with her mistakes!

He knew he must not let his irritation of her sloppy work be undermined by the desire to see her nak-



ed bottom.

'Mrs Chambers,' he drew a deep breath. He always started this way. 'I am afraid you and the Company must terminate our association,' he said gravely. He always did that too!!

'Oh please...no, sir,' she responded aghast.

He pushed the print out towards her...her eyes studied it but only took half it in...

'You are responsible for sending half the goods in the warehouse round the globe...and many of those goods have not been ordered. He did not tell her that he had intercepted her log of erros. It did not do to let them know that the mistake had been rectified.

'Oh Lord...please Mr Salisbury...I am sorry,' and Nadia was firmly convinced that even if she offered to dance round the floor stark naked that he would not change his mind.

'So you see my dear...although I would usually suggest that your naughtiness might be mitigated by other means I don't think we can let such an arrangement take place this time.'

'I'm sorry...please Mr Salisbury, sir...please don't give me the sack,' she felt the tears brimming in her eyes.

Suddenly the idea of having the cane was not so horrific as it had sounded on that first day when she had heard about it.

He had indicated that she might sit on his desk opposite him and this she had done...he did like to see a shapely knee stretched over the corner of his desk. Like a presiding judge he pushed his finger tips together as though trying to think of the best method to get her off this unpleasant plane...He then made her stand some inches in front of the desk 'whilst I think this one over,' he mused.

'Please Mr Salisbury...please don't sack me...please. I am sorry I was so careless,' she choked.

She did not comprehend the reason when he told her to lean forward...she placed her elbows on

the desk and her legs were straight out behind her and she was virtually leaning towards the edge of the desk.

'I think we would be better having a discussion with your skirt pulled up,' he told her.

So that she could get the idea of what he intended, he stood up and extracted the cane from his desk drawer. Nadia felt her fingers easing the skirt higher and higher up superbly shaped legs. As she pulled the skirt so her upper torso went lower and lower until her lovely breasts were well and truly crushed on the polished desk top itself.

'Do you know what his is, Mrs Chambers?'

'Yes, sir,' she could not keep the misery from her voice.

'And do you know what it is used for?'

'Yes, sir,' she assured him in a soft, semi frightened tone.

'What is it used for,' he demanded to know.

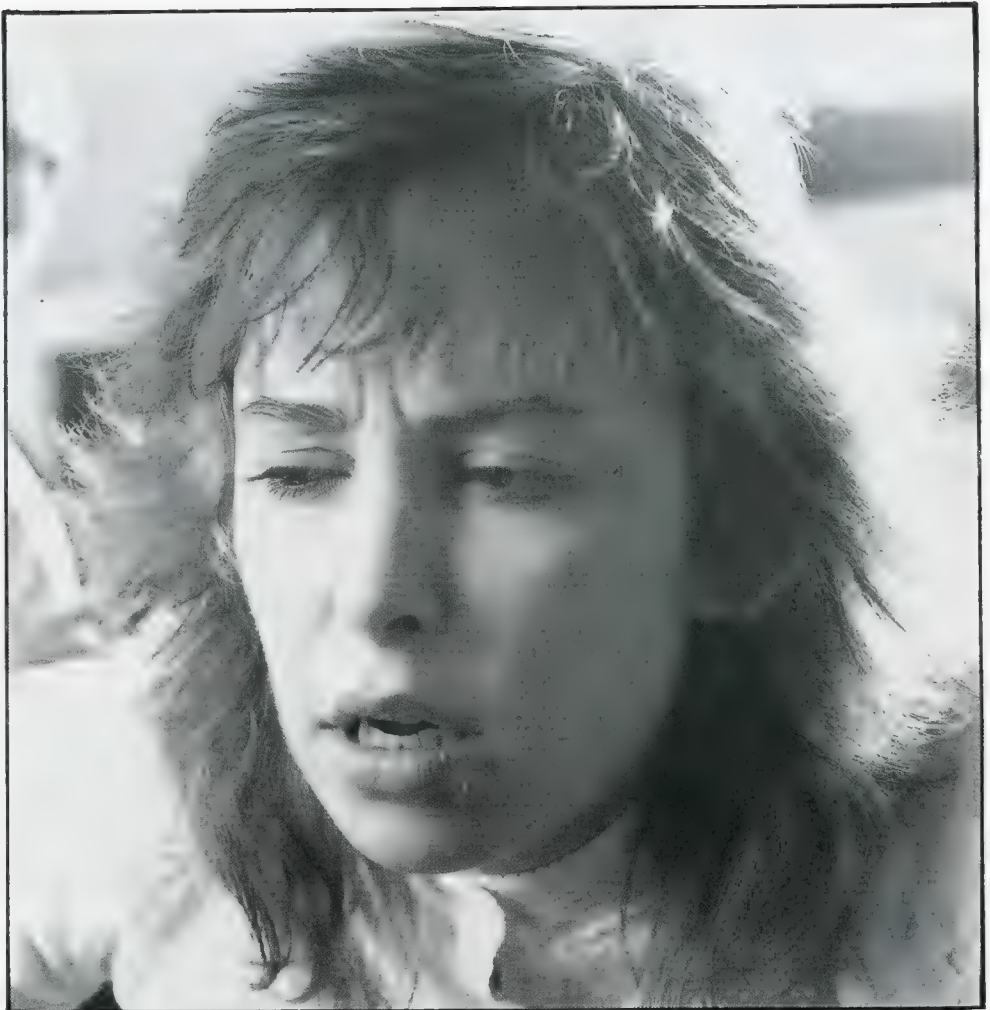
'To cane...to cane my bottom,' she gasped.

Her face felt the flush of fire heat as she realised just how embarrassingly her body was placed...and the skirt was hauled all the way up to her waist now so that her lacy panties, stockings, suspender belt and what was even worse, the thighs and the lower curves of her bum were freely revealed to his eyes.

She felt the throb of real humiliation shudder through her with him standing there studying the perfection of her body.

'Panties down Mrs Chambers...all the way down...no don't stand up I would rather like to see the unveiling ceremony from this position.'

Still bending, Nadia's thumbs sought out the waistband of her panties...Oh dear...Mr Salisbury was going to see her bare arse...and any other thing that he wanted to look at. Little wavelets of deep shame still coursed through the waiting Nadia and a soft inaudible moan came from her mouth as the pan-



ties suddenly slipped down her thighs and she was indeed bare-arsed!

She felt him pull them down a little more and then he was ensuring that her skirt was well and truly lifted clear of her bottom...that was after all the centre of operations right now...when he held her wrists she discovered that he wanted them up her back.

Her frustration was even more confounded when she felt his hands enjoying the freedom of her bottom! This she had not been expecting, but she realised that there was nothing she could do except to bend as she was and let him feel her arse as much as he liked!

Salisbury decided that this was possibly one of the nicest and most attractive bottoms that he had seen. He might just as well enjoy it whilst he had it in so a responsive position!

Thumb and index fingers employed in making little pinching actions that helped Nadia to 'ooower...and agghhher' and the whole surface of those delightful cheeks soon knew the touch of his hand. It was so very nice to be able to stroke, feel and squeeze such a delightful piece of rotundity. The day had become decidedly less boring!

'How do you think Mr Chambers will react when he discovers that

your bottom has been punished?' he asked.

'I...I don't know sir,' she moaned.

'Don't you think he will mind...he might want to sue.'

'No! No he won't sir. I need the job too badly,' she innocently gave him even more lee way to 'enjoy' himself.

Mr Salisbury smiled with a sense of deep satisfaction...might just as well see just what else her husband did and felt like...seemed a very reasonable type to Adam Salisbury...the silly fool! Fancy letting a shapely woman like this get herself embroiled in the hands of





Adam Salisbury.

'But how do you know what he will say when he discovers what your boss has done...or is going to do to this shapely young bottom?'

Whether it was the constant stroking, caressing and feeling in general of her bare bottom that took Nadia off her guard or not, but she thoughtlessly tried to tell him of Gerald's disregard...as far as she was concerned she was trying to tell the boss that Gerald was aware that she might get punished and that Adam need not worry...it was all rather a confused jumble...there was only one thought pattern in her mind and that was to retain her job...as he coaxed with generous caresses of her bottom, so she spilled it all out...she must at all costs keep her job...she gasped when his hand stroked up her inner thigh and made no pretence at accidental contact with her soft pussy flesh!

A soft sounding gasping moan now came from her mouth as the sim-

ple caress caused her clitoris to respond in natural erotic sensations. But he did not continue this playful pleasure. He had to let her know that her primary purpose for visiting him was to have her bottom punished for being so careless. There would be time for the further investigation of what Mrs Chambers was prepared to do 'to keep her job' at a later date!

From the corner of her eye, Nadia saw him once again pick up the springy cane. Her hands were still at the small of her back and she pressed them hard to herself wanting not to give him further cause for complaint. 'The first three will be with your positioned like that,' he warned her. The first three?? How many was he going to give her??

Nadia was a trifle naive as far as cane punishments went. There was the soft tapping as the end of the stick gently patted against the rounded cheek but she was so naive to think that this was the strength of the caning proper that

he was going to give her.

The tap, tap, tap of the cane ceased at last. She stiffened her thighs and he saw how the cheeks of her bottom clenched tight together...delightful little reaction that, he thought. Stiffly held buttocks and tightly clenching thighs did not bother him one bit. He was not that unreasonable that he wanted them all loose and slack. Anyway, he knew that all thought of tightness and clenching would evaporate very quickly! He measured the distance carefully.

He considered himself a well practised artist at this sort of thing. He ought to be, he had been at it long enough. He always reckoned that if a fly settled on his desk, he would be able to swat it by just using this thin stick and that was no mean feat.

The first stroke, he decided would land dead centre across the meatiest part of the tautly stretched cheeks. He raised the cane and without averting his eyes from the

line of fire, he brought it down. Nadia heard the sound and knew what it was instinctively. There was not much time for her to have to question or query the harsh swishing sound of thin wood speeding through the space in the room approximate to her bottom. The sound of wood on nates was always music to the ears of Adam Salisbury. It was the overture of further orchestrations in which he felt that carelessness was being properly corrected.

'Aaahhh...oh no, no, no,' she protested.

Nadia soon discovered that words alone did nothing at all to ease the swift heat of pain that stung her bottom. And the heat increased with the next stroke which swiped down just one inch below the first.

'Eeehhh...owww....owww,' her mouth dutifully responded. The third came an inch above the first so that the very first stinging stroke

now had an escort of two strokes one each side then the sensational radiating heat fused together so that the whole area between the precisely placed strokes buzzed into her nates and started her toes drumming into the floor.

'Nnnngooo...oh no...owwerch,' her mouth pleaded. But Adam, Salisbury, a serious administrator of this sort of thing was quite content to watch her bum wriggle, no longer concerned at remaining



tightly clenched, and the thighs too had lost the stiff tension. Up and down, up and down in a fast tattooing motion as her feet danced out the speedy beat of reaction to the awful hot pain lines now stripping her bum cheeks.

Her hands too had strayed from the intended pose. He had her place her hands beneath her body and this now gave him the full view. He even had to push the skirt all the way up again and then he gave her

a further three. The sixth stroke cane down so hard and it caught her on the lower overhang at the base of her bottom....As Nadia yelled so her whole torso twisted and he was given a view of her soft furry thatch. She really did almost turn right over.

He thought he would try that one again and this time added slightly more strength to the wristy cut of the cane.

'Oooowww...yeeeoower,' and this time she really did turn right over, her bottom was now where her tummy had been and the whole of her smooth skinned tummy together with the soft curly hairs of her pubes were uppermost.

'You may stay like that,' he knew he had to snap to get through to her receptive obedience.

Nadia had no intentions of showing her arse again...to hell with it,

she would rather be spread as immodest as she was now rather than know that her fully shock heated buttocks were open for more caning.

And she whimpered in her self pity as Adam Salisbury felt her pussy as he stood next to her. Nadia was in a state of peculiar obeisance. Her one thought right then was for Gerald.

Sod you Gerald Chambers, she

thought. If only you could earn enough money, I would not have to suffer these terrible indignities. And neither would I have to feel these terrible scorching lines on my bottom. And it did not help either that he had said that if she had to surrender to even more advances from the boss then she must go ahead and do so!

Alright, bloody Gerald. If that is what you want, then he can go ahead and play about with my

pussy all he wants and anything else too. She spread her legs more in an act of defiance to Gerald than to accommodate the seeking, clever fingers of Adam Salisbury. Even the cold wooden desk top on her bottom was getting less troublesome. How could her body feel so delightfully passionate after taking those six strokes of the cane?

But he had not finished yet. She was mortified when he told her to bend over again. Oh no, please, she



begged.

Even as she tried to dissuade him from further caning she turned and pressed her knees hard against the side of the desk...the heated fire was about to be fanned as surely as if he was putting bellows to an anvil fire...the stroke from the cane re-projected Nadia into full toned voice of protest at the searing of her nates.

'These stripes don't look too

harsh,' Gerald was saying as she stretched over his knees whilst he creamed her with cool lotions.

'I cannot see how you can be so coolly aware that my boss gave me a dozen strokes of his cane without wanting to go and give him a good hiding,' she told him.

'Do you want to lose your job,' she seemed to have a very short memory.

'No. I suppose not. But I can't take many more of these sessions,' she moaned miserably.

'Then you must not be so careless,' Gerald thought he was being very reasonable about the whole thing. Not only that but the sight of her bottom over his knee and the kneading he was giving them was giving him a hard on...he knew Nadia would get it again...and again...and again.





**JOIN
THE
DOTS**



'Married, are you?' he asks, putting the drinks on the table. The pretty blonde girl says a hesitant 'Yes,' then 'Thank you.' Picking up the glass she cast another wary look round, but no one is going to know her in this pub here in anonymous London. He has moved in beside her. Patting her thigh.

'That's nice. So it's Mrs Hallett, not Miss. Good. A lot of them prefer a married girl. And so do I; they're more business-like.' The hand pats again, then squeezes.

She gives him a quick nervous smile. She is very pretty with shortish corn-blond hair; a nice shape too in her smart navy suit. A young housewife from somewhere on a day's shopping trip to the capital. She takes a little sip of the gin-and-orange. She has thought about saying she's not married but decided there's no point. He could find out from Liz and might take exception if she hasn't told the truth. It was Liz who put her in touch with him, Mr Issardi. Persuading her it was an easy option. I couldn't, she said. Naturally. I've never...done anything like that. It's nothing, Liz said. Just business, a couple of

afternoons a week. A little private business, no one knows, and it is very well paid. Liz did it of course. And so Susan...well, here she is in this rather dingy pub. Feeling a bit scared but now showing it, she hopes. The trouble with him knowing she's married of course is blackmail. But Liz said don't be silly when she said that, he's got better things to think about.

'Yes I prefer married girls. More reliable. Your friend Liz, she is. I know. Very nice girl. Very reliable. Fromt he same town, are you?'

He has a quite nice accent and no trace of being foreign. Liz said she thought he was Turkish. He looks Mediterranean, dark, a little moustache. Fortyish. For a moment she thinks of David. In his office right now presumably. She told him she was going up to town. Shopping. He'll think it funny if she goes back without anything. Don't worry about that now. And don't think of David. She loves him. Of course. This is nothing to do with David. Just think of it as business, Liz said.

Susan says, 'Uh...not exactly.' He'll

want your phone number, Liz said but he didn't need to know where she lived. Of course he could maybe find out from the phone number. Don't worry, he's not interested, Liz said. As long as you're reliable, that's all he's interested in. How long had Liz been doing this? She had been noncommittal when Susan asked.

'You're very nice looking,' Mr Issardi says turning sideways, his soft brown eyes full on her. 'And a nice shape too. Lovely. Hubby know? That you're going to try this?'

She shakes her head, flushing slightly. Then thinks maybe she should have said yes, so he wouldn't think of blackmail. But Liz said he's not going to. Liz is married too of course though Susan hasn't met her husband — as Liz hasn't met David. She's not a really close friend, just a girl Susan knows through other girls and Susan had never dreamt...she's a little older than Susan perhaps, who is only 21; married a year. I can't do this when I've only been married a year she has told herself. But here she is nonetheless, in this

pub. She should never have told Liz she was looking for a job, that she was hard-up. If she hadn't she would never have known. That girls, respectable married girls, did this sort of thing. Lots do Liz said, and it beats waitressing or being a dogsbody in an office. Does it? Susan feels a sudden need to be outside, an ordinary housewife doing her shopping. Instead of... what she has let herself in for. She can't...really...

'Some do and some don't,' Mr Issardi is saying. 'Some husbands

are quiet happy for the little wife to be earning a bit in the afternoons. And strictly no taxes of course. But other ones I know, aren't like that. Want to keep it all for themselves, don't they Mrs Hallett?'

Hidden by the table top his hand has slid the hem of her skirt up. So that the hand is on her nyloned knee. There is the urge to briskly push the hand away — but in the context that would clearly be silly. She doesn't reply. She would

very much rather he didn't talk about that. How is she going to face David tonight?

'Lovely legs, Mrs Hallet. And I'm sure you're a lovely girl all over.' He smiles. 'Just checking.' Sliding his hand up. Right up under the full skirt. Up the nyloned thighs to where the nylon stops. Suspender strap and warm bare thigh. 'Good. Lovely.' She catches her breath. Sure that someone can see...or at least realise...though in fact there is no one in this part of the room





and it's darkish. Wear stockings, Liz told her. Not tights. They always want stockings. With a suspender belt. Turns them on.

The hand is squeezing bare thigh. She wants to tell him to stop. As she wants to tell him she doesn't want to do this. Any of it. It's all a mistake. She's really one of those other housewives, out in the street, looking in the shop windows...whom she knows don't all do this. Can she tell him that? Now. After agreeing to come here, to this dingy pub? The hand is leaving her thigh at least.

'Drink up then. Let's go and take a few shots.'

A darting look of alarm. Shots? She wants to say it: She's going. Please. Or thank you. Or something. But...the words won't come out. Instead...she is meekly, dumbly, following him. What...are shots?

His car, parked round the corner, takes them through twisting back streets. To finally a dismal looking street of high terraced houses. He smiles as he opens the car door for her. 'I only use this place for the shots. You don't see clients here.

Well, not unless they specially request it. Some do of course. But I like it for the shots. The stark contrast...with lovely femininity.'

'Wh...what shots,' she finally manages when they are inside, in the long, narrow hallway. Mr Issardi is carrying something. A camera bag? 'The shots?' he replies. 'Shots of pretty Mrs Hallett of course. Looking highly desirable. I have no doubt. Shots for the clients. So they can see what we've got.'

'N...No please.' She has got it now. 'I can't...no please. What if...?'

'No one will. No one else will see them.' He proceeds her up the stairs. Inside the place fits the outside, run-down and seedy looking. 'No one sees them except our close little clientele.'

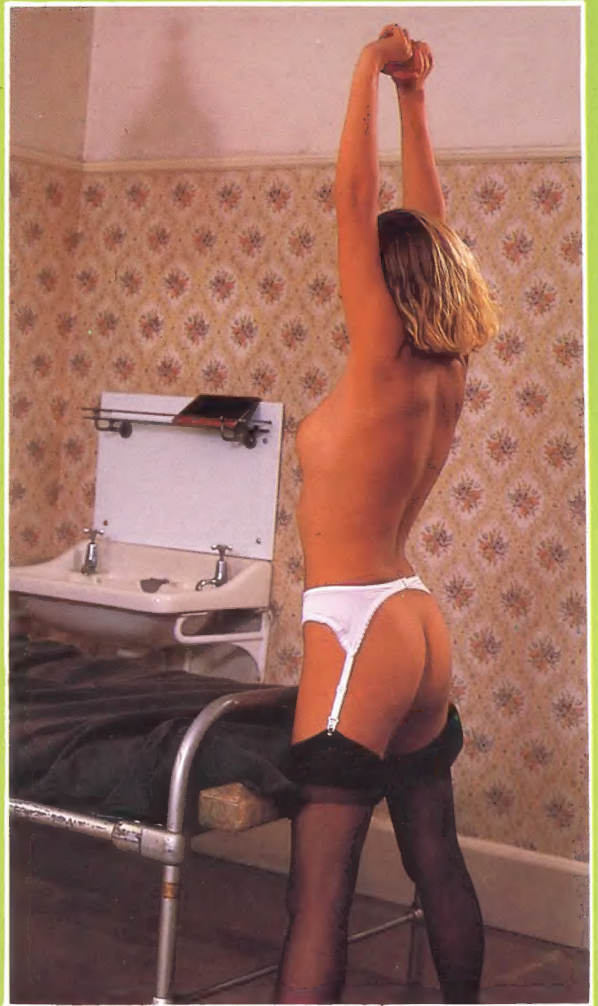
Upstairs they go into an awful little room. A stark bedroom with a narrow metal-frame bed, a sleazy looking armchair and that's about it. By the bed is a white wash-basin. The bed itself has a dark brown blanket that might have come from an army barracks and a bare, striped pillow with no pillowcase. There doesn't seem to be any

sheets. The whole room has the look of a cheap dosshouse. But she isn't thinking so much of this awful room, it is those pictures. Mr Issardi has taken a camera out of his bag.

She tries to protest that she can't possibly have pictures taken, but Mr Issardi insists. 'Don't be silly, Susan dear. I always take some shots. And certainly I must with such a pretty girl. Even if only for my own pleasure. Take your things off, dear Mrs Hallett.'

It seems like some kind of dream, an awful dream. Susan Hallett can't really be here in this awful room with this man and taking off her clothes. Not that nice and proper Mrs Susan Hallett with that nice little house, Number 14 Oakvale Avenue, and that nice, good looking husband David. How could she possibly...be here...? With her best suit jacket now off and the skirt being slid down. And then...all the rest. Except her nylons and the trim, demure-looking white suspender belt. And her black high heels. 'Keep the nylons and heels on, dear.'

Mr Issardi who she knows isn't in



a dream is very complimentary. 'Mmmm...what a lovely girl. Some of my clients...will be going out of their minds. They're always wanting a new one of course. A new pretty face. And I suppose if you get right down to it...a new pussy. Eh?'

Mr Issardi's arm comes round her. She flinches — but there's no point in flinching merely at an arm round her waist. Not here, like this, in this situation. He turns her, towards him, pulls her close. So that her nude boobs, her shivery nipples, are against his jacket. She is trembling. Feeling a bit sick. One hand is caressing her bottom. Jiggling the cheeks. Turning her face away from him she says it: 'I don't...don't want to do this. I...can't...'

Mr Issardi laughs. 'Don't be silly. Of course you can. Nothing to it. Just what you do with that hubby of yours every night — or once a week or whatever it is. But with someone different, so nice and exciting. No problem.'

He lets go of her. 'Now let's get those shots, then we can relax, eh? Some lovely shots...of lovely Mrs Hallett.'

What can she do? Except co-operate. If David did ever see pictures of her like this. Or the neighbours...the Vicar...She feels faint at the thought. Mr Issardi with the camera in his hand is saying how he wants her. Standing with her arms stretched high. In just the stockings and suspender belt of course. She is doing it. 'Oh yes. Very nice.' The camera clicking. And then...he wants her on the bed. Stretched out on her back lying on that horrible scratchy blanket. Arms stretched above her head again. This time to grip the cold metal of the head of the bed-frame. Her legs stretched out together. And then....open. Mr Issardi wants her legs spread wide. She can't pose like that. But Mr Issardi says she can. Of course she can.

The posing goes on. Different shots. On the bed, and standing again. Until he has shot a whole roll of film. Only then does Mr Issardi put the camera down. Smiling at her. His face darker now. Flushed. Slipping his jacket off. He takes hold of her again. She can feel he is excited, turned-on. At the pictures he has taken. At having her here in this room. A new addition to his stable. And now he is going

to...check out the merchandise...because he is pushing her down on the bed again. Grinning. His hands at his belt. She can't. She can't do it. But he is with her on the bed. On this horrible hairy blanket. She breathes. 'Those pictures...please...' 'Don't worry about it,' he says. His hand is between her legs. Working at her. Working at her wet pussy.

* * *

'OK, what did you buy?' David asks. When she says 'Nothing' he refuses to believe her, she always comes back with something. 'I'm hard up,' she says flatly. 'I can't afford to buy anything.' She feels funny, sort of empty inside. Perhaps not as bad as she thought she would feel though. Mr Issardi said he wants her three afternoons a week. How is she going to manage three times a week? For starters, he said. And then...she should never have agreed to the pictures. Because obviously he can use them. If she doesn't co-operate. To make her do whatever he wants. She meets David's eye and turns away. There is the feeling that he can see inside her head. Can see the pictures being taken. And then on that awful bed with Mr Issardi. Mr Issardi screwing her.



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